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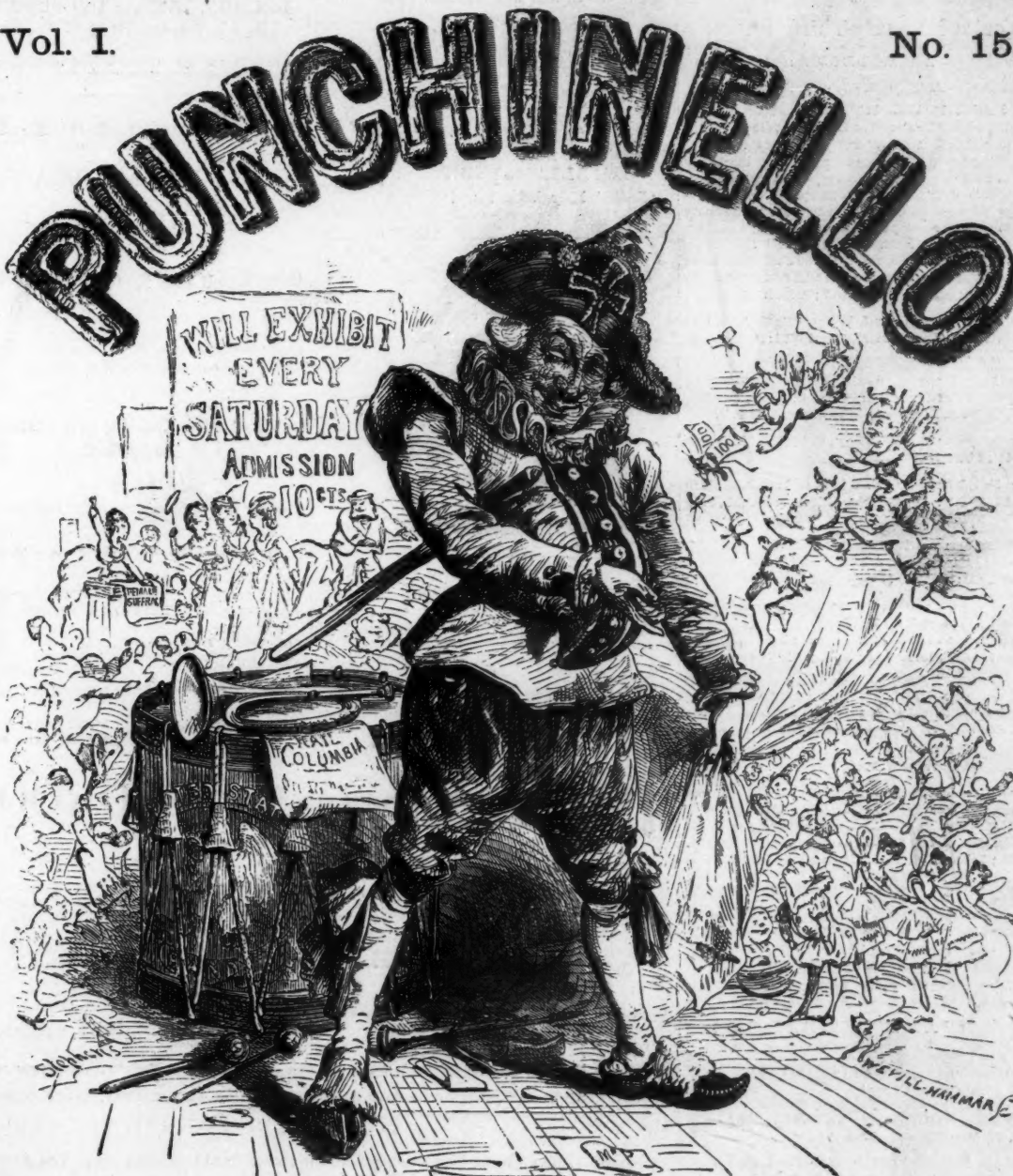
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Vol. I.

No. 15.



SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

83 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,

By ORPHEUS C. KERR,

Continued in this Number

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER IX.

TALKS IN A BRUSH.

FLORA, having no relations in the world that she knew of, had, ever since her seventh new bonnet, known no other home than Macassar Female College, in the Alms-House, and regarded Miss CAROWTHEES as her mother-in-love. Her memory of her own mother was of a lady-like person who had swiftly waisted away in the effort to be always taken for her own daughter, and was, one day, brought down-stairs, by her husband, in two pieces, from tight lacing. The sad separation (taking place just before a party of pleasure), had driven FLORA's father into a frenzy of grief for his better halves; which was augmented to brain fever by Mr. SCHENCK, who, having given a Boreal policy to deceased, felt it his duty to talk gloomily about wives who sometimes died apart after receiving unmerited cuts from their husbands, and to suggest a compromise of ten per cent. upon the amount of the policy, as a much more cheerful settlement than a coroner's inquest. FLORA's betrothal had grown out of the soothing of Mr. PORTS's last year of mental disorder by Mr. DROOD, an old partner in the grocery business, who, too, was a widower from his wife's use of arsenic and lead for her complexion. The two bereaved friends, after comparing tears and looking mournfully at each other's tongues, had talked themselves to death over the fluctuations in sugar; willing their respective children to marry in future for the sake of keeping up the controversy.

From the FLOWERPO's first arrival at the Alms-House, her new things, engagement to be married, and stock of chocolate caramels, had won the deepest affections of her teachers and schoolmates; and, on the morning after the sectional dispute between EDWIN and MONTGOMERY, when one of the young ladies had heard of it as a profound secret, no pains were spared by the whole tender-hearted school to make her believe that neither of the young men was entirely given up yet by the consulting physicians. It was whispered, indeed, that a knife or two might have passed, and two or three guns been exchanged; but she was not to be at all worried, for persons had been known to get well with the tops of their heads off.

At an early hour, however, Miss PENDRAGON had paid a visit to her brother, in Gospeler's Gulch; and, coming back with the intelligence, that, while he had been stabbed to the heart, it was chiefly by cruel insinuations and an umbrella, was enabled to assure Miss CAROWTHEES, in confidence, that nothing eligible for publication in the New York Sun had really occurred. Thus, when the legal conqueror of Breachy Mr. BLODGETT entered that principal recitation-room of the Macassar, formally known as the Cackleorium, she had no difficulty in explaining away the panic.

She said that "Unfounded Rumor, Ladies, is, we all know, a descriptive phrase applied by the Associated Press to all important foreign news procured a week or two in advance of its own similar European advices, by the Press Association." We perceive then, Ladies, (Miss JENKINS will be good enough to stop scratching her nose while I am talking,) that Unfounded Rumor sometimes means—hem!—

"The Associated Press
In bitter distress."

In Bumsteadville, however, it has a signification more like what we should give it in relation to a statement that Senator SUMNER had delivered a Latin quotation without a speech selected for it. In this sense, Ladies, (Miss PARKINSON can scarcely be aware of how much cotton stocking can be seen when she lolls so,) the Unfounded Rumor concerning two gentlemen of different political views in this county was not correct. (Miss BABCOCK will learn four chapters in Chronicles by heart to-night, for making her handkerchief into a baby,) as proper inquiries have assured us that no more blood was shed than if the parties to the strife had been a Canadian and a Fenian. We will, therefore, drop

("Oh, see here now, this is really too bad! The manner in which the great American Adapter is all the time making totally unexpected and vicious passes at the finest old cherished institutions of the age is simply frightful.—PUNCHINELLO should prevent it!—Well, PUNCHINELLO did remonstrate at an early stage of the Adaptation; and the result was, that all the finest feelings of his nature were outraged by an ensuing Chapter, in which was introduced a pauper burial-ground swarming with deceased proprietors of American Punches!—EDS. PUNCHINELLO.)

the subject, and enter at once upon the flowery path of the first lesson in algebra."

This explanation destroyed all the interest of a majority of the young ladies, who had anticipated a horribly delightful duel, at least; but FLORA was slightly hysterical about it, even late in the afternoon, when it was announced that her guardian had come to see her.

Mr. DIBBLE, of Gowanus, had been selected for his trust on account of his pre-eminent goodness, which, as seems to be invariably the case, was associated with an absence of personal beauty trenching upon the scarecrow. Possibly an excess of strong and disproportionate carving in nose, mouth and chin, accompanied by weak eyes and unexpectedness of forehead, may tend to make the Evil One but languid in his desire for the capture of its human exemplar. This may help account for the otherwise rather curious coincidence of frightful physiognomy and preternatural goodness in this world of sinful beauties.* Under such a theory, Mr. DIBBLE's easy means of frightening the Arch-Tempter into immediate flight, and keeping himself free from all possible incitement to be anything but good, were a face, head and neck shaped not unlike an old-fashioned water-pitcher, and a form suggestive of an obese lobster balancing on an upright horse-shoe. His nose was too high up; his mouth and chin bulged too tremendously; his neck inside a whole mainsail of shirt-collar was too much fluted, and his eyes were as much too small and oyster-like as his ears were too large and horny.

Mr. DIBBLE found his ward in Miss CAROWTHEES's own private room, from which even the government mails were generally excluded; and, after saluting both ladies, and politely desiring the elder to remain present, in order to be sure that his conversation was strictly moral, the monstrous old gentleman pulled a memorandum book from his pocket and addressed himself to FLORA.

"I am a square man myself, dear kissing," he said, with much double chin in his manner, "and like to do everything on the square. I am now 'interviewing' you, and shall make notes of your answers, though not necessarily for publication. First: is your health satisfactory?"

Miss PORTS admitted that, excepting occasional attacks of insatiable longing for True Sympathy, chiefly produced by over-eating of pickles and slate-pencils to avert excessive plumpness, she could generally take pie twice without experiencing a subsequent reactionary tendency to piety and gloomy presentiments.

"Second: is your allowance of pin-money sufficient to keep you in cold cream, Berlin wool, and other necessities of life?"

The FLOWERPO confessed that she had now and then wished herself able to buy a church and a velvet dressing-gown, (lined with cherry,) for a young clergyman with the consumption and side-whiskers; but, under common circumstances, her allowance was enough to procure all absolutely requisite Edging without running her into debt, and still leave sufficient to buy materials for any reasonable altar-cloth.

"And now, my dear," said Mr. DIBBLE, evidently glad that all the more important and serious part of the interview was over, "we come to the subject of your marriage. Mr. EDWIN has seen you here, occasionally, I suppose, and you may possibly like him well enough to accept him as a husband, if not as a friend!"

"He's such a perfectly absurd creature that I can't help liking him," returned FLORA, gravely; "but I am not certain that my utterly ridiculous deeper woman's love is entirely satisfied with the shape of his nose."

"That'll be mostly hidden by his whiskers, when they grow," observed her guardian.

"I hope they'll be bushy, with a frizzle at the ends and a bald place for his chin," said the young girl, reflectively; then suddenly asked: "If we *shouldn't* be married, would either of us have to pay anything?"

"I should say not," answered Mr. DIBBLE, "unless you sued him for breach." (Here Miss CAROWTHEES was heard to murmur "BLODGETT," and hastily took an anti-nervous pill.) "I should say that your respective parents wished you to marry only in case you should see no other persons whose noses you liked better. As on this coming Christmas you will be within a few months of your marriage, I have brought your father's will with me, with the intention of depositing it in the hands of Mr. EDWIN's trustee, Mr. BUMSTEAD—"

"Oh, leave it with EDDY, if you'll please to be so ridiculously kind," interrupted FLORA. "Mr. BUMSTEAD would certainly insist upon it that there were *two* wills, instead of one: and that would be so absurd."

(*The whole idea is nothing less than atrocious; and, in our judgment, the Adapter's actual purpose in putting it forth is to make his own superlative goodness seem proved by a logical conclusion.—EDS. PUNCHINELLO.)

"Well, well," assented Mr. DIBBLE, rising to go, "I'm a perfectly square man, even when I'm looking round, and will do as you wish. As a slight memento of my really charming visit here, might I humbly petition yonder lady to remit any little penalty that may happen to be in force just now against any lovely student of the College for eating preserves in bed, or writing notes to the Italian music teacher, who is already married, or anything of that kind?"

"FLORA," said Miss CAROWTHEES, graciously, "you may tell Miss BABCOCK, that, in consequence of your guardian's request, she will be excused from studying her Bible as a punishment."

After due acknowledgment of this favor, the good Mr. DIBBLE made his farewell bow, and went forth to the turnpike. Following that high road, he presently found himself near the side-door of the Ritualistic Church of Saint Cow's, and, while curiously watching the minor canons who were carrying in some fireworks to be used in the next day's service, was confronted by Mr. BUMSTEAD just coming out.

"Let me see you home," said Mr. BUMSTEAD, hastily holding out an arm. "I'll tell the family it's only vertigo."

"Why, nothing is the matter with me," pleaded Mr. DIBBLE. "I've only been having a talk with my ward."

"I'll bet cloves for two that she didn't say she preferred me to NED," insinuated Mr. BUMSTEAD, breathing audibly through his nose.

"Then you'll not lose," was the answer; "for she did not tell me whom she preferred to the one she wishes to marry. They never do; and sometimes it is only discovered in Indiana. You and I surrender our respective guardianships on Christmas, Mr. BUMSTEAD; until when good-bye; and be early marriage their lot!"

"Be early Divorce their lot!" said BUMSTEAD, thrusting his book of organ-music so far under his coat-flap that it stuck out at the back like a curvature of the spine.

"I said marriage," cried Mr. DIBBLE, looking back.

"I said Divorce," retorted Mr. BUMSTEAD, thoughtfully eating a clove, "Don't one generally involve the other?"

CHAPTER X.

OILING THE WHEELS.

No husband who has ever properly studied his mother-in-law can fail to be aware that woman's perception of heartless villainy and evidences of intoxication in man is often of that curiously fine order of vision which rather exceeds the best efforts of ordinary microscopes, and subjects the average human mind to considerable astonishment. The perfect ease with which she can detect murderous proclivities, Mormon instincts, and addiction to maddening liquors, in a daughter's husband—who, to the most searching inspection of everybody else, appears the most watery, hen-pecked, and generally intimidated young man of his age—is one of those common illustrations of the infallible acuteness of feminine judgment which are doing more and more, every day, to establish the positive necessity of woman's superior insight, and natural dispassionate fairness of mind, for the future wisest exercise of the elective franchise and most just administration of the highest judicial office. It may be said that the mother-in-law is the highest development of the supernaturally perceptive and positive woman, since she usually has superior opportunities to study man in all the stages from marriage to madness; but with her whole sex, particularly after certain sour turns in life, inheres an alertness of observation as to the incredible viciousness of masculine character, which nothing less than a bit of flattery or a happily equivocal reflection upon some rival sister can either divert or mislead for a moment.

"Now don't you really think, OLDY," said Gospeler SIMPSON to his mother, as he sat watching her fabrication of an immense stocking for the poor, "that Hopeless Inebriate and Midnight Assassin are a rather too severe characterization of my pupil, Mr. MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON?"

"No, I do not, OCTAVE," replied the excellent old nut-cracker of a lady, who was making the charity stocking as nearly in the shape of a hatchet as possible. "When a young man of rebel sentiments spends all his nights in drinking lemon teas, and trying to spoil other young men's clothes in throwing such teas at them, and is only to be put down by umbrellas, and comes to his homes with cloves in his clenched fists, and has headaches on the following days, he's on his way either to political office or the gallows."

"But he hasn't done so at all with s's to it," exclaimed the Reverend OCTAVIUS, exasperated by so many plurals. "He did it but once, and then he was strongly provoked. EDWIN mentioned the sharpness of his sister's nose to him, and reflected casually upon the late well-known Southern Confederacy."

"Don't tell me!" reasoned the fine old lady, holding up the stocking by its handle to see how much longer it must be to reach the wearer's waist. "I'm afraid you're a copperhead, OCTAVE."

"How you do cackle, OLDY!" said her son, who was very proud of her when she kept still. "You can't see anything good in MONTGOMERY, because, after the first seven or eight breakfasts with us, he said he was afraid that so many fishballs would make his head swim."

"My child," returned the old lady, thrusting an arm so far into the charity stocking that she seemed to have the wrong kind of blue worsted limb growing from one of her shoulders, "I have judged this dissipated young man exactly as though he were my own son-in-law, and know that he possesses an incendiary disposition. After the fireworks at Saint Cow's Church, on Saint VIRTUS'S Day, that devoted Ritualistic Christian, Mr. BUMSTEAD, came up to me in the porch, with his eyes nearly closed, on account of the solemnity of the occasion, and began feeling around my neck with both his hands. When I asked him to explain, he said that he only wanted to see whether my throat was cut yet, as he had heard that we kept a Southern murderer at home. He was still very pale at what had taken place in his room over night, when he finally said 'Good-day, ladies,' to me."

"MONTGOMERY is certainly attached to me, at any rate," murmured the Gospeler, reflectively, "and has made no attempt upon my life."

"That's because his sister restrains him," asserted the mother, with a fond look. "I overheard her telling him, when she was at dinner here one day, that you might be taken for a Southerner, if you only wore a dress-coat all the time and were heavily mortgaged. Withdraw her influence, and the desperate young man would tar and feather us all in our beds some night."

Falling silent after this unanswerable proof of Mr. PENDRAGON'S guilt, Mr. SIMPSON mused upon as much of the dear old nut-cracker as was not hidden by the vast charity stocking. In her ruffled cap, false front, and spectacles, she was so exactly the figure one might picture Mr. JOHN STUART MILL to be, after reading his latest literary knitting on the Revolting Injustice of Masculine Society, that the Gospeler of Saint Cow's could not help feeling how perfectly useless it was to expect her to think herself capable of error.

As, whenever the Reverend OCTAVIUS gave indication of a capacity for speechless thoughtfulness, his benignant mother at once concluded that he needed an anti-bilious pill, she now made all haste to the cupboard to procure that imitation-vegetable and a glass of water. It was the neatest, best-stored Ritualistic cupboard in Bumsteadville. Above it hung a portrait of the Pope, from which the grand old Apostolic son of an infallible dogma looked knowingly down, as though with the contents of that cupboard he could get-up such a *schema* as would be palatable to the most skeptical Bishop in all the Ecumenical Council, and of which he might justly say: Whosoever dare think that he ever tasted a better *schema*, or ever dreamed in his deepest consciousness that a better could be made, let him be anathema maranatha! A most rakish looking wooden button, noiselessly stealthily and sly, gave entrance to this treasury of dainties; and then what a rare array of disintegrated meals intoxicated the vision! There was the Athlete of the Dairy, commonly called Fresh Butter, in his gay yellow jacket, looking wore to the knife. There was turgid old Brown Sugar, who had evidently heard the advice, go to the ant, thou sluggard! and, mistaking the last word for Sugared, was going as deliberately as possible. There was the vivacious Cheese, in the hour of its mite, clad in deep, creamy, golden hue, with delicate traceries of mould, like fairy cobwebs. The Smoked Beef, and Doughnuts, as being more sober and unemotional features of the pageant, appeared on either side the remains of a Cold Chicken, as rendering pathetic tribute to hoary age; while sturdy, reliable Hash and Fishballs reposed right and left in their mottled and rich brown coats, with a kind of complacent consciousness of having been created according to Mrs. GLASS'S standard dictum, First catch your Hair.

Gospeler SIMPSON, by natural law, alternated from this wonderful cupboard, very regularly, to another, or sister cupboard, also presided over by the good old maternal nut-cracker, wherein the energetic pill lived in its little pasteboard house next door to the crystal palace of smooth, insinuating castor oil; and passionate fiery essence of peppermint grew hot with indignation at the proximity of plebeian rhubarb and squills. In the present case he quietly took his anti-bilious globule: which, besides being a step in the direction of removing a pimple from his chin, was also intended as a kind of medical preparation for his coming services in the Ritualistic Church, where, at a certain part of the ceremonies, he was to stand on his head before the Banner of St.

Alban and balance Roman candles on his uplifted feet. When the day had nearly passed, and the Vesper hour for those services arrived, he performed them with all the less rush of blood to the head for being thus prepared; yet there was still a slight sensation of congestion, and, to get rid of this, when he stepped forth from Saint Cow's in the twilight, it was to take an evening stroll along the shore of Bumsteadville pond.

(To be Continued.)

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



OWN again came the furious FRANK. But not the fiery HUN. Mr. STOCKTON was Frank. He said he represented New Jersey. (Enthusiastic Groans.) The constituents of New Jersey were a peculiar people. Such was their depravity that they said they would rather have fifty per cent. taken off their taxes than to receive the speeches of their representatives in Congress free of charge. Under these circumstances they looked upon the franking privilege, he regretted to say, as a swindle, and remonstrated with him, with tears in their expressive and fish-like eyes, against being hidden by a shower of public documents.

The *Congressional Globe* made a very inferior article of lamp-lighters, and the proud pigs of New Jersey declined to fatten upon the Patent Office reports.

Mr. TITTON was in favor of the franking privilege. What good would it do anybody if Congressmen drew postage-stamps in lieu of writing their names. As for him, he found it much easier to draw postage-stamps than to write his name, and he was sure that none of them were so lost to a sense of their own dignity as to pay their own postages, like ordinary human beings.

Mr. STEWART said certainly not. The only thing was that there would be an account kept of the number of postage-stamps they drew, but nobody knew how often a man used his frank. He himself had been censured for franking a few tons of pig-iron from Washington to Nevada. But no amount of postage-stamps would have carried it.

Mr. DRAKE referred to the darkest hour of the late war, when postage-stamps were current, and when, if the proposed changes were effected, they could have made the Post-Office department pay for their drinks. But in the present state of the South, when the Ku-Klux Klan, in spite of his most earnest endeavors, refused to kill anybody, he saw no hope that those golden hours would return. Therefore he thought it best to cleave to his frank.

HOUSE.

Mr. LOGAN desired to expel WHITTEMORE permanently. WHITTEMORE had really gone too far, and if they let him in people would consider that they were no better, and institute investigations of a disagreeable nature into the conduct of Congress generally. Of course the House had a right to expel him. It had a right to expel everybody but himself.

Mr. ELDRIDGE said that directly Mr. LOGAN would be claiming that he—Mr. ELDRIDGE—ought to be expelled. This would be unpleasant to him. He would not die in spring-time.

Mr. BUTLER said, in default of getting San Domingo annexed, he would like to get the patent of a friend of his in Massachusetts extended.

Mr. FARNSWORTH objected, upon the ground that Mr. BUTLER had received shekels from the patentee.

Mr. BUTLER said, if he had, he hadn't so much hair on his face as FARNSWORTH.

The Comic Speaker performed a solo on the gavel, and said it was none of FARNSWORTH's business anyhow.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said Mr. BUTLER had got \$2,000, and hadn't earned it.

Mr. BUTLER said Mr. FARNSWORTH was a coward and an assassin.

The Comic Speaker said he rather thought FARNSWORTH was a coward, but assassin was unparliamentary.

Mr. FARNSWORTH said the evidence showed that BUTLER was on one side before he got a fee, and on the other afterwards.

Mr. BUTLER said there was nothing green in his eye. As for FARNSWORTH, nobody would ever pay him \$2,000 for anything.

The Comic Speaker said that all Mr. FARNSWORTH's remarks were perfectly shocking. As for Mr. BUTLER, his conduct was admirable.

Mr. SCHENCK saw that the interest was absorbed by FARNSWORTH and BUTLER, and tried to divert it by getting up a little shindy with LOGAN. He said LOGAN wanted everything done in LOGAN's way, when notoriously everything ought to be done in SCHENCK's way.

Mr. LOGAN said SCHENCK had led the House by the nose for four weeks. Now he proposed to lead it for a few days himself—by the ear.

The Comic Speaker said he liked to see this. It made things lively for the boys. He hoped SCHENCK and LOGAN would keep on. But they didn't; and

Mr. DAWES said he had charged some time ago that the expenses of the Government had increased. He wished to take that back. It seemed there had been an error in the accounts. The Government had made a mistake against itself of seventy-six millions, and another in favor of itself of seventy-seven millions. Both added together made more than a hundred and fifty millions, which would reduce the expenses below those of the traitor, murderer, viper, and unpleasant person known as ANDREW JOHNSON.

CURRENT FABLES.

The Bulls and the Beavers.

THE Lion claimed dominion over all the beasts wherever they were found, but some of them were rebellious. Among the malcontents were the Bulls, part of whom inhabited a pasture so rich that it was called the Green Isle, while others lived in a charming country with "the best government the world ever saw," owned and occupied by the Eagles. Adjoining the latter was a colony of quiet and inoffensive Beavers. The Bulls, angry at the Beavers for their humble submission to the rule of the remote Lion, resolved to make war upon them. Accordingly, those Bulls who lived in the Land of the Eagles proceeded to invade the colony, intending to dispossess the Beavers and form a government of their own. But the Eagles had a reasonable degree of respect for the Lion, not so much on account of his individual strength, which was comparatively trivial, but because he was the ruler of all manner of beasts. So their leader, after making the second memorable speech of his life, in which he said "The Eagles is at peace with the Lion," despatched a little Eaglet to arrest the progress of the Bulls. This messenger, flying to the edge of the Beaver's colony, caught and confined in a prison the leader of the Bulls, who, as he was being conducted to jail, cried out, "Verily it is not the strength of the individual, but the number of his supporters, which is the measure of his power."

Thermometrical.

IN the present torrid state of the weather, can the Oriental craftsmanship lately introduced here be properly termed Coolie labor?

Theatrical Note.

THE OATES troupe now performing at the Olympic Theatre must not be confounded with the Horse Opera.

Better Late than Never.

IT occurs to PUNCHINELLO, at this late day, to remark that the friends of America in England, even in the darkest hours of the rebellion, were ever disposed to look on the BRIGHT side.

Poetry versus Prose.

A traveller, who has lately been shipwrecked on the ocean, has a notion that there is precious little poetry in being Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

The only German Poet Recognized in Wall Street.

KÖRNER.

FUN AND FIN.



INCE President GRANT'S famous trouting excursion to Pennsylvania, piscatorial pastimes appear to have become quite the thing among the magnates of the Government. The following item from Washington, cut from a morning paper, reads very like a bit of gossip from the history of the Court of CHARLES II:

"General SPINNER and some of his female Treasury clerks went to the Great Falls to-day to catch black bass."

Redolent of all that is rural and sweet, is the idea of SPINNER, surrounded by a bevy of his "female Treasury clerks," reclining upon a shady rock just over the

Great Falls. We behold SPINNER, with our mind's eye, "fixing" a bait for one of the lovely young fisherwomen, while half a dozen of the others are engaged in fanning him and "Shoo-ing" the flies away from his expressive nose. The picture is a very pretty one, recalling to mind some brilliant pastoral by WATTEAU. There are numerous accessories arranged in the foreground, such as hampers of cold chicken pie, hams of the richest pink and yellow hues, and baskets of champagne, and it would be interesting to know who pays for all. "Spinning a minnow," as the anglers term it, for black bass, is a very appropriate pastime for SPINNER, but, for a fresh-water fisherman, there is something very Salt Lakey in that arrangement regarding the "female Treasury clerks."

"LOT" ON A LOT OF PROVERBS.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: One of my friends, who, much to the disgust of his fellow boarders, is constantly playing an adagio movement in B flat upon a flute, (that may not be the correct musical term, but no one will ever know it unless you tell,) informs me that you are astute; another friend, who makes cigar stumps into chewing tobacco, says, you're "up to snuff." Assuming the truth of those statements, I apply to you for information. You have the ability, have you also the inclination, to aid a poor, weary mariner on the voyage of life, (in the steerage,) who has been buffeted by reason, tempest-tossed by imagination, becalmed by fancy, wrecked by stupidity, (other people's,) and is now whirling helplessly in the Maelstrom of conundrums? (If that doesn't touch your heart, then has language failed to accomplish the end for which it was designed—to deceive others.)

I'm the great American searcher after truth, and, though I've been at the bottom of every well, except the Artesian ones, I am still a searcher. Can you refuse to throw a straw to a drowning man, or a crumb to a starving fellow-creature? Knowing that you have a mammoth heart, and abundance of straw, and lots of bread, I feel that you cannot. List! oh, list! and I will my candal appendage unfold.

Is enough as good as a feast, if the former is enough of wallowing and the latter is composed of pheasant and champagne? (i.e.: Is real pain as good as champagne?) TOM ALLEN evidently got enough in his late fight, but I'm inclined to think that he would rather strain his jaws at a feast than at a fisticuff. The Young Democracy once got enough of staying out in the cold, but, when some of them were admitted to the feast, they did not appear to be at all satisfied, but grabbed at the choicest titbits.

Is one bird in the hand worth two in the bush, if the one in the hand is the Police Board, and those in the bush are the Supervisorship and the Health Board? And suppose you've succeeded in getting your fingers on those in the bush, wouldn't you try to make a haul? Why, I can imagine a man who might have the Governor's place in hand, and yet consider one bird in the bush better, if that bird could sing an old tune called White House.

How can it be possible that this world is all a fleeting show? I've visited a great many shows, and have found that all of them are conducted on the same principle. You pay your money at the door, sit un-

disturbed through the performance, unless some junk-man should take to junketing, and get out easily, the proprietor in fact seeming rather glad to get rid of you. But when you enter the world, you pay nothing, on your way through it you pay constantly, and getting out of it—at the present prices of coffins and bombazines—is one of the most expensive things on record.

Why mustn't you look a gift horse in the mouth, if you are prudent enough to do it on the sly? Besides, don't everybody look in the horse's mouth, as soon as the giver has departed? Suppose you're patriotic, and offer your son to Uncle SAM as a gift, to use in his civil service, isn't Mr. JENCKES's bill designed as a means of looking into your son's mouth? Maybe it's to find out if he's a public cribber. What I want to know is, does this prohibition apply to donkeys?

What possible connection can there be between doing handsome and being handsome? Now there's BROWN, who persuaded me, on or about black Friday, to buy his gold at the highest figures, and thus did a very handsome thing (for himself), but he is still the ugliest looking man in our street.

If it be true, as stated in "The Gates Ajar," that there will be pianos in heaven, haven't the men who learned harp-making, on the theory that it was a permanent business, been grossly deceived, and haven't they an action for damages against somebody, if they can find out who it is?

If all the world's a stage, what are cars? I admit that all Broadway is a stage, but is it at all probable that Gov. HOFFMAN vetoed the Arcade Railroad bill on that account? Besides, if all the world's a stage, why should the men who carry passengers care about the duty on steel rails?

Is it true that a man must not laugh at his own jokes? Don't you suppose that the man who invented the *canard* about the Jews in Roumania is laughing at the squabble which he has raised between the Associated Press and the American Press Association, by means of his little joke? And don't you suppose, when the returns of the last election came in, that Mr. TWEED laughed very vigorously at his little joke, called the new election law? If Congress should keep on joking for the rest of the session, and, as a result, the Republican party should be turned out of power, don't you suppose that the members will laugh—on the other side of their mouths?

There is a certain saying, which everybody retails, about the kind of people who tell the truth. Now I always tell the truth. I'm exactly like GEORGE WASHINGTON. If I had cut down the cherry tree, and my stern parent had appeared upon the scene with a rawhide and asked me who did it, I should have instantly replied, the hatchet. But I am not a child. Can it be that I am the other thing?

Now, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, can you do those sums? I have tried them in every possible way. I have let X equal the unknown quantity, but I don't know Y. If you can solve the problems, will you send me the answers by the first post? Yours, LOT.

[Our correspondent seems to labor under the impression that we are a primary arithmetic, or a dictionary, or a conundrum book. We regret his mistake, and can simply say that we are nothing of the sort. Any reasonable conundrums, such as, How old is the world? How many individuals is Mrs. BRIGHAM YOUNG? What becomes of the Fenian money? When will Cuba be free? we would willingly answer, but our correspondent cannot expect us to solve problems which are as old as BARNUM said JOYCE HETH was. He should be able to see such things as others see them. They are the unwritten law, and PUNCHINELLO does not propose to alter them.]

CONCERNING THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

'Tis well enough that GOODENOUGH
Dr. LANAHAN should teach,
That, sure enough, there's law enough
Such slanderers to reach.

But, like enough, this GOODENOUGH
Dr. LANAHAN may impeach,
And prove enough that's bad enough
To justify his speech.

Unkind.

TOODLES made a solemn vow the other day, in presence of MUGGINS, that he "would never shave until he had paid off his debts," but MUGGINS, in relating the fact, said simply that "TOODLES had concluded to wear a full beard the rest of his life."

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

Old Mother Hubbard.

GENTLE READER: You have a soul for poetry. Even when an infant, and in your cradle, you had a soul for poetry. You were not aware of it at this early stage, but your mother—if you had one—was. With what fond alacrity did she hasten to your cradle-side, when some wicked little pin was trying to insinuate itself into your affections much against your inclination, and soothe you with the pleasing strains of Mother Goose. And how your eyes brightened and your little feet and hands commenced playing tag, when you heard the wonders of Mother Goose extolled in pretty verse. Ah! those were the days of romance. I will leave them now, to search for the hidden beauties of one of your childhood's melodies, the eventful career of Mother HUBBARD and her dog.

I will begin with the opening Canto of the poem, and limit myself, for the present, with detailing the beauties of its many incidents.

CANTO I.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the Cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there
The Cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none!

Now, Kind Reader, follow closely whilst I display the hidden beauties of Canto First. You will notice that the author, who now sleeps with the unnumbered dead—a presumption on my part—has no dedication, no introduction, no preface. He scorned a dedication, that misnomer for gratuitous advertising. He wanted no patron, no Lord or Count somebody or other, who might, perhaps, insure the sale of one more copy. No. He determined to paddle his own canoe. And he did, you bet.—He wrote no preface. What was it to the public how many ancient authors he had ransacked to obtain ideas for his poem? What was it to the public how many noble minds he had associated with him to help him in his laborious work? What would the public care about his intentions to have his book in such a form, to appear at such a date, or to be sold for such a price? What would be the use of apologizing to the public for his many weak points, when he thought that he knew more than they? On the contrary, he very naturally determined that if his Poem wasn't readable, it would not be read, and a Preface of ignorance would make the matter no better.—He kept clear of the folly of an Introduction—a something which a writer gets up just to keep his hand in, perhaps, or to tell the reader that he knows all about it!—The empty dishes on the banquet-board: no one cares for them.

Our felicitous Author, throwing aside all these traditional idiosyncrasies, launches boldly into the billowy sea of his idea-scattered brain,* and in his very first line gives a full, concise description of the heroine, Mrs. HUBBARD; and having finished her description, enumerates, as was meet, the peculiarities, and, I might say, dogmatic tendencies, of the hero of the tale, Herr Dog! [He (not H. D., but the Author) says "Old Mother HUBBARD."] Here is simplicity for you! Here is brevity! "Old Mother HUBBARD!" How sweetly it sounds; how nicely the words fit each other! What an immense range of thought he must have who first said "Old Mother HUBBARD." Less gifted authors of the present would rejoice exceedingly, could they do likewise. Ah!—and a spark of enthusiasm lightens up your countenance, [Highfalutin,]—they have no HUBBARD. And if they had they would commence with a minute detail of how old she was, how venerable she was, what kind of a mother she was, whose mother she was, and all about her aunt's family.

Alas! for the fallen state of our Literature, which tells you everything, and leaves you nothing to guess at, lest you might not guess correctly. Well, as I previously observed, the author says "Old Mother HUBBARD." He must have been correct. You know how it is yourself.

This felicitous writer then proceeds, and in the next line gives vent to his pent-up feelings thusly: "Went to the Cupboard." "Went!" What a happy expression! How appropriate! Besides, it supplies a deficiency which would have occurred had it been left out. "Went!" There's Saxon for you. Our happy author, overburdened by his transcendent imagination, has not the evil propensity of thrusting upon his reader the mode of how she went; but, noble and manly as he was, he leaves it to you and to me how she went!

Here is a vast range for your imagination. Give your fancy wings. One may think she waddled; another that she rambled. One may say

* Original. By GUY.

she perambulated; another that she pedaled.* One may remark that she crutchalated;† but all must concede that she "went." Now whither did she "went"? Ah! methinks your brain is puzzled. Why, she "went to the Cupboard," says our author, who, perhaps, just then took a ten-cent nip. She did not go around it, or about it, or upon it, or under it. She did not let it come to her, but she went herself to the above-mentioned and fore-named Cupboard.

Now, when a woman undertakes to do a thing, she has always a reason for her undertaking; argoul, as my friend, the grave-digger, said, the heroine of this Epic must have had an object in view. Otherwise, what would take her to the Cupboard? She was evidently a strong-minded woman, and would not fritter away her valuable time for nothing. To the Cupboard she went "to get her poor dog a bone," says the author, following out the logical sequence of the plot. The hero of the tale was not in the Cupboard. Of course not. The "bone" was there. Ah! but *was* the bone there? The sequel will show.

Just imagine the mild complacency, the unutterable sympathy, the affectionate lovingness of the heroine for her hero! And with what gentle expression she speaks of him—"her poor dog." Verily, must there have been an abyss of kindly feeling in that Old Dame's large heart for her poor dog!

But alas! for human care and anxiety. Away ye smiles and hopes.

"L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose."‡

In other words, when she got there, to the Cupboard, and peered into its dark recesses, and searched the hidden corners of its many shelves, "the Cupboard was bare."

Alack-a-day for Mr. D.! When he saw his kind mistress toddling along to the receptacle of many a remnant of many a luxurious feast, he was, perchance, filled with affection. Melting tears came to his eyes, and poured, like a cataract, down his noble cheeks. Would it do to have his loving mistress witness the outburst of his long pent-up feelings? Alas! No. He must hide his tears. He tore his tail from the wag which was about to seize it, and gently wiped away his tears! Poor fellow! Your heart warms towards him, and you stretch out your hands to embrace him, or to kiss him for his mother, perhaps. How must the author have felt? If there was one grain of compassion in him, he would feel as I do, as you do, as we all do, and trust that the loving affection of that poor dog would be amply repaid by the promised "bone."

The decrees of Fate are inexorable, however. When she went to the Cupboard, the Cupboard was bare; had not even one bare bone, and so that poor heroic dog "had none." [Very long O.] I pity him truly, and fain would shed tears of grief over his melancholy affliction, if I wasn't so awfully warm. For was never dog so disappointed as this dog. "Nev-a-r-e, by all-l-l that's h-h-holy-y-y-e-e."||

Not wishing to be an unwilling witness to the sad scene which was enacted between these two loving creatures on the disappointment of their fondest hopes, I will draw the curtain, and leave them, solitary and alone—alone with themselves, and with no aching eye to witness their grief, to give vent to their heart-bursting anguish.

The author did wisely and well to close the Canto.

Let us have—a rest!

* Copyright for sale for all the States.

† Ditto.

‡ This is French.—H. D.

|| Quotation from XII T.

STANDARD LITERATURE.

A writer in the *Standard*, thinking that the title Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is clumsy on account of its length, proposes that it be changed to Animalthropic Society. It is not likely that Mr. BEROH, who has some reputation for scholarship, will adopt a suggestion in which a bit of Greek is brought in "wrong end foremost," unless, indeed, his well-known partiality for the canine creature might induce him to look with favor upon a compound so manifestly of the "dog Greek" description.

Query.

MIGHT not the child's new-fangled humming-top, which is advertised to dance sixty seconds, be said to dance a minuet?

Cheerful for Shoemakers.

WESTON's great Feet.



OUR MUSEUM OF THE FUTURE.

Learned Professor. "THESE ARE THE RESTORED REMAINS OF A NOBLE CREATURE LONG SINCE EXTERMINATED BY THE RAVAGES OF PESTILENT INSECTS KNOWN AS POLY TICKS."

DESULTORY HINTS AND MAXIMS FOR ANGLERS.

WHEN you see "excellent trouting in a romantic mountain district" advertised in the papers, go somewhere else.

On arriving where you have reason to believe trout exist, inquire of some rural angler which are the best brooks, and fish exclusively in those he runs down.

In making a cast, throw your line as far as you can. The biggest fish are usually obtained from the long Reaches.

Never angle under a blistering sun, nor with Spanish flies.

Keep as far as possible from the brook. If the trout see you they will connect you with the rod, in which case you will find it difficult to connect them with the line.

Many anglers fish up stream, but the surest way to secure a mess of trout is with the Current.

Take some agreeable stimulant with you to the water-side. You will find it a great assistance when Reeling in.

One of the best places for obtaining the speckled prey is under a Waterfall—but you needn't mention this fact to the ladies.

When a brook divides among the trees, angle in the main stream, not in the Branches.

In playing a trout under the willows, be very careful, or you may get Worst among the Osiers.

When you land a two-pound trout (which you never will,) double the weight, else what's the use of having a Multiplier.

If you wish to take anything heavy you must walk right into the water. The regular Sneezers are generally caught in this way.

The experienced angler goes forth expecting nothing, and is rarely disappointed.

Superstitious Piscators have great faith in the Heavenly Signs, but often fail to find a Sign of a Fish under the fishiest sign of the Zodiac.

Avoid water-courses infested with saw-mills. These dammed streams seldom contain many trout.

To jerk a fish out of the water with a wire is even more despicable than political wire-pulling.

A rod should never consist of more than three sections, and the

angler should look well to his joints after a wetting, as they are apt to swell and stiffen in the Sockets.

Rise early if you would have good sport. Should you feel sleepy afterwards, the river has a Bed that you can easily get into.

Catching trout is strictly a summery pleasure, and when indulged in at any other season should be visited by Summary punishment.

There are numerous treatises on angling, but in "JOHN BROWN'S Tract" the youthful Piscator will find the best of Guides.

It often happens that trout do not begin to bite till late in the day, in which case it is advisable to make the most of the commencement de la Fin.

As the culture of fish is now engaging the attention of philanthropists, it is probable that the superior varieties will hereafter be found in Schools, where, of course, the Rod will be more profitably employed than in Whipping (under present circumstances,) "the complaining brooks that keep the meadows green."

LOVE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

MISS SARAH SAGOE's boarding-house—I recommend her steaks; Two plates of pudding she allows, and—oh! what buckwheat cakes! We're all so very fond of them, (we deprecate the grease,) But we'd a greater fondness for Miss SARAH SAGOE's niece.

In heavenly blue her eyes surpassed—the milk; "her teeth were pearl." That's BROWN! Poetic genius, BROWN, (devoted to that girl.) JOE TROTT to flowers took; SAWTELL and PETERS to croquet; GREEN thrumbed guitar; while as for me, I sighed and pined away.

Not one but lost his appetite—at no less price for board. Meanwhile this heartless ARABELLE, by all of us adored, Gives out that she's to marry a rich broker from New York; We heard the news at dinner—down dropped each knife and fork.

We're glad our eyes are open now, though every one's a dupe, 'Tis queer we didn't see before how she dipped up the soup; And, now I think it over, I wonder man could wish To win that hand unmerciful that so harpooned the fish.

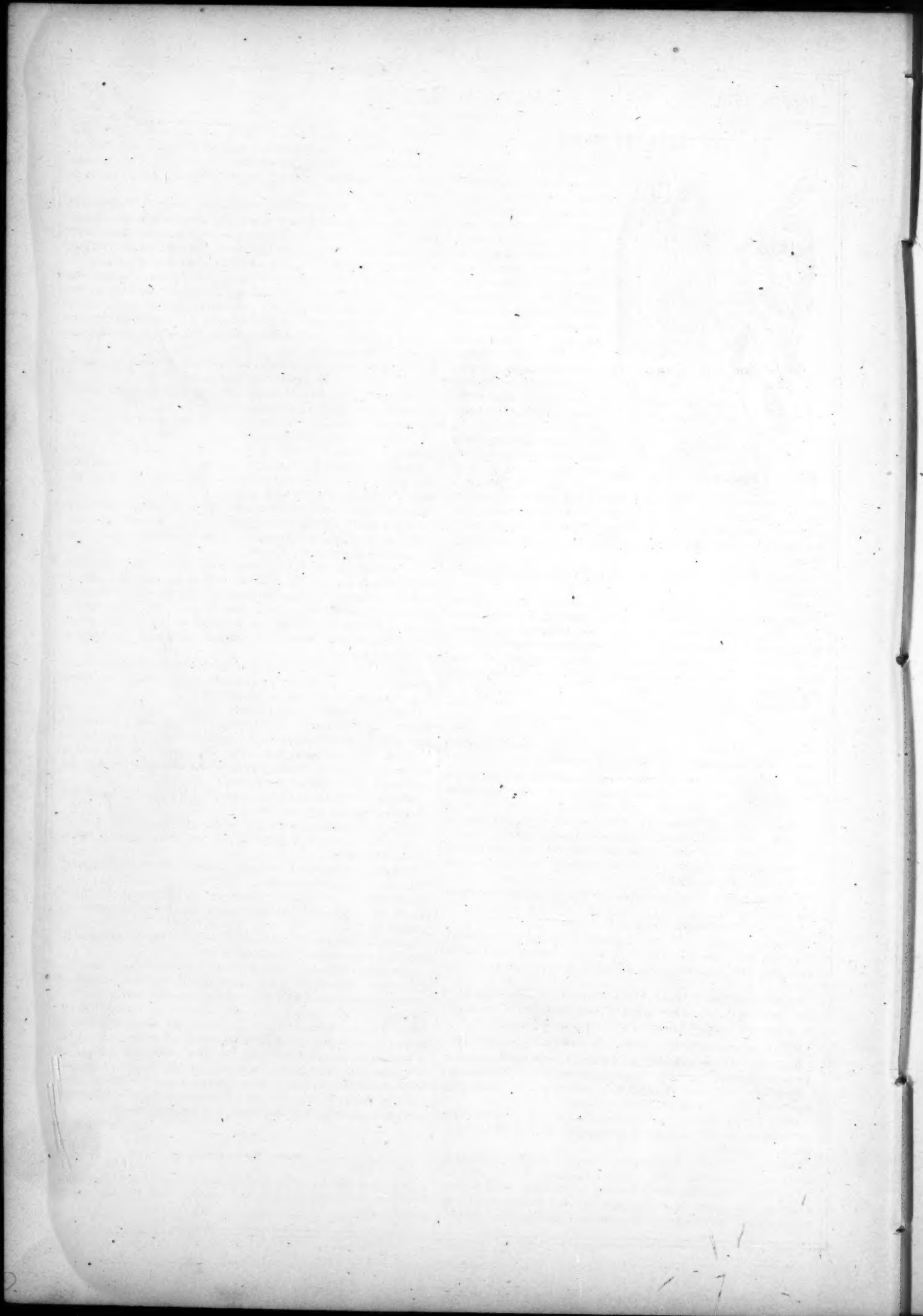
"That vulgar girl," as JOE TROTT says, "a helpmeet fine will make"—She never failed to help herself most handsomely to steak; The pudding holds out better now that she is gone away—And it's consolation precious that I've not her board to pay.



THE WEDDING RING AGAIN.

AS PUNCHINELLO WOULD HAVE IT WORN.

(Suggested by an Indignant Sister of Sorosis.)



THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



ANAGER DAILY found *Frou Frou* so popular, that he has given us a second dose of M. SARDOU's Dramatic Mixture, three times stronger than the first, and warranted to restore the moral tone of all repentant Pretty Waiter Girls. The label borne by the new Mixture is "Fernande," but as "CLOTILDE," and not "FERNANDE," is the principal ingredient, the name is obviously ill-selected. Though the materials were imported from the celebrated Parisian laboratory of M. SARDOU, the Mixture in its present form was prepared "in vacuo" by two dramatic chemists of this city, and ought properly to bear their name. As compared with *Frou Frou*, it is

much more palatable, and far more powerful, and there is no reason to suppose that it contains anything deleterious to the moral health of the play-goer. An analysis made by order of PUNCHINELLO shows that it consists of the following materials, combined in the following proportions:

ACT I.—Scene, a Gambling-House. Enter M. POMMEROL, a benevolent lawyer.

POMMEROL. "I am a lawyer with an enormous practice. Having nothing whatever to do, I came here to find FERNANDE, the pretty waiter girl. Here comes my cousin CLOTILDE. She is an angel of virtue and the mistress of my friend ANDRE. What can she want here?"

CLOTILDE. "My carriage has just run over a young girl, who lives here. As the horses trampled upon her for some time, I came to see if she had sustained any inconvenience."

POMMEROL. "CLOTILDE, this girl is named FERNANDE. She is as bad as she can well be, therefore I implore you to take her home with you and adopt her. Will you do it?"

CLOTILDE. Of course I will. Who could refuse such a trifling request! But look, here come the people of the house."

Enter various gamblers and disreputable women, who conduct themselves with appropriate freedom from the restraints of conventionality. FERNANDE, who is too lachrymose to be a cheerful feature, is wisely placed on guard at the outer door. The company proceed to play at faro, the bank being the loser. There is a false alarm of police, and the game is suddenly stopped. The Banker, being naturally indignant, attempts to relieve his mind by punching FERNANDE's head. Heroic interference by POMMEROL, and consequent tableau. Curtain.

SATIRICAL PERSON, to one of the ushers. "Will you tell me what street this house is in?"

USHER. "Twenty-fourth street, sir."

SATIRICAL PERSON. "All right. You see I came up in a University Place car, and I was beginning to think, after having seen that last scene, that I had made a mistake, and gone down town instead of up town."

RESPECTABLE LADY, to female friend. "Isn't it shockingly improper! But then it is so interesting, and it is really one's duty to know how those creatures conduct themselves when they are at home."

ACT II.—Scene, CLOTILDE's Garden. CLOTILDE soliloquizes as follows:

CLOTILDE. "I have adopted FERNANDE and shall call her MARGUERITE. ANDRE has deceived me, and I will test his love at once. (Enter ANDRE.)

CLOTILDE. "ANDRE, I think we have made a mistake in fancying ourselves in love. Would you like to leave me?"

ANDRE. "My dearest friend, I really think I should. You see I have just fallen in love with an innocent little angel. By Jove! there she is. Tell me her name."

CLOTILDE. "That is MARGUERITE, a protégé of mine. You shall marry her. Go and make love to her." (He goes.)

CLOTILDE. "The base wretch deserts me. I will proceed to become a tigress. I will marry him to FERNANDE, and then tell him what a base wretch she is. We'll see how he will like that. He thinks her innocent!

Ha! ha! (Aside.—On reflection she is innocent according to this version of the play; but SARDOU told the truth about her, and I will act on the supposition that she is a wretch.) That will be a fit revenge, and I can't do better than rave about it for a while." (Raves accordingly until the curtain falls.)

COLD-BLOODED CRITIC. "I have never seen a finer piece of acting than that of Miss MORANT in the last scene. But then her revenge becomes absurd when you reflect that FERNANDE is just what ANDRE fancies her, an innocent girl. That is a fair specimen of the way in which American writers adapt French plays. They sacrifice probability to prudery."

FASHIONABLE LADY. "How sweetly penitent FERNANDE looks in her black dress. I hope she will be innocent enough to wear white in the next act. One shouldn't give way to repentance or grief for too long a time. Now when my husband died I was in the deepest grief for six months, and then slipped into half mourning so gradually that no one noticed the change."

ACT III. FERNANDE and CLOTILDE are discovered discussing the question of FERNANDE's wedding outfit.

FERNANDE. "But does ANDRE know how naughty I behaved when I was an innocent girl in a gambling-house?"

CLOTILDE. "He does, my dear, but you mustn't speak of it to him."

FERNANDE. "I will write to him then, and confess all. There isn't anything to confess, but still I am determined to confess it."

CLOTILDE. "Write if you choose. (Aside. I will put the letter in a lamp-post box, so that he will never get it. On second thought I will keep it. Some day I might want to use it.)"

FERNANDE writes the letter and CLOTILDE confiscates it. ANDRE, POMMEROL and a variety of people come and go and talk of a variety of things.

Finally FERNANDE and ANDRE are led out to marriage, and the dread ceremony is perpetrated. Curtain.

The fourth act opens with a pleasant family party at the house of the newly married couple. The company play at that singular game of cards so popular on the stage, in which everybody plays out of turn, and nobody ever takes a trick. Finally they all go to bed except ANDRE, who goes to sleep in his chair, as is doubtless the custom with newly-married Frenchmen. Presently CLOTILDE enters through a secret door and wakes him up.

ANDRE. "My dear CLOTILDE, you really mustn't. Think what my wife would say. So innocent an angel would suspect there was something wrong in your visiting me at midnight."

CLOTILDE. "Base villain, you have deserted me. Now I am revenged. Your wife was once a pretty waiter-girl and her name is FERNANDE. Call her and ask her if I speak the truth." (He calls her.)

ANDRE. "Is your name FERNANDE? Ah, I see by the disorder of your back hair that CLOTILDE's story is too true. Wretched girl, why did you not tell me all before I married you?"

FERNANDE. "Spare me. I was a pretty waiter-girl, but I wrote you a letter and confessed my innocence."

(She faints on a worsted ottoman, while her husband raves like an OTTOMAN who has been worsted in a difficulty with an intruder into his harem.

Enter POMMEROL.

POMMEROL. "She speaks the truth. Here is her written confession. I took it out of CLOTILDE's pocket. I will read it." (Reads it.)

FERNANDE. "You hear it? I confessed all my innocence. If you did not get it, blame the post-office authorities, but do not throw the poker at me."

ANDRE. "FERNANDE! My love! My wife! Come back, and I will forgive your innocence!" (Tableau.) Curtain.

RESPECTABLE MATRON. "Well, I will say that of all indecent plays this is the worst. It isn't half as nice as that pretty *Frou-Frou*. The idea of that miserable ANDRE forgiving such a hussy as his wife!"

From which virtuous and venomous opinion the undersigned begs to differ. The play is simply superb, in spite of the faults of the translation. It is shocking only to the most prurient of prudes; and in point of morality is infinitely better than *Frou-Frou*. And then it is played as it ought to be. Miss MORANT is magnificent, Mr. LEWIS is immensely funny, and Messrs. CLARKE and HASKINS are equal to whatever is required of them. If *Frou-Frou* ran a hundred nights, *Fernande* ought to run five hundred. And that it may be the sincere hope of

MATADOR.

A New Musical Sensation.

It is stated that the Onaida Indians have organized a cornet band. This new combination of Copper and brass will doubtless have a very pleasing effect.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

LAST week Mr. PUNCHINELLO took a run over to Saratoga. He bought DIRRAELI's new novel to read in the cars, and he very soon made up his mind that if the book correctly described the tone of society in England, it is safe to say that it is low there.

Reaching the town of merry Springs and doleful Swallows, Mr. P. went straight to the house of the good LELANDS. When he got there he was amazed—he couldn't believe that that grand palace was the old "Union." But he soon reflected that it was the fashion, now-a-days, to reconstruct old Unions of every kind, and so it wasn't so surprising to his mind after he had got through with his reflections. But he couldn't help hoping that the fellows down at Washington, who were also at work on an old Union, would turn out as good a job as the LELANDS had. As soon as he got inside, Mr. P. summoned his friend WARREN, that they might consult together about his accommodations. There were plenty of vacant rooms, but Mr. P. made up his mind that he would prefer to take one of those delightful cottages in the court-yard. One of these was so much more gorgeous than the others, that Mr. P. chose it on the spot.

"Ah!—yes—" quoth the gentle WARREN, "I should be delighted, I'm sure, but that cottage is reserved especially for the Empress EUGENIE, who, you know, is expected here daily."

"Indeed!" said Mr. P. "If she is coming so soon, I could not, of course, keep it very long. So tell me, my good friend, for what trifling sum will you let me have this cottage till the Empress comes?"

Mr. LELAND gazed earnestly at Mr. P.; and asked him what he thought of the Chinese question; and whether he believed that this would be a good year for corn. Then Mr. P. struck a bargain for a back-room in the seventh story of the right-hand tower.

Early the next morning Mr. P., like a conscientious man as he is, went to drink of the waters of the place. He had a strong belief, based upon experience, that he would not fancy any of the old springs, and so he tried a new one—the "Geyser."

Mr. P. stayed a good while at the Geyser. There happened to be a young lady there who insisted upon helping him to the water with her own lily hands—the boy might dip it up, but she *must* hand it to him—and she had such a way with her that he drank fifty-one glasses. When he came back to the hotel, and the good WARREN asked him what was the matter, he merely remarked:

"I'm a quiz, LELAND. If you choose, you may call me a Guy, sir."

Mr. P. got himself analysed that day by Dr. ALLEN, and he was found to consist principally of carbonate of Lime; Silicate of Potassa; Iodide of Magnesia; and Chloride of Sodium; with a strong trace of Sulphate of Strontia.

At night, however, he was able to attend the hop in the grand saloon. For a time Mr. P. danced with one girl right along. A pretty girl she was, too, and the style of her dress showed very plainly that it was EUGENIE she was hoping to see at Saratoga, and not Madame OLLIVIER. Well, she had not danced with Mr. P. more than a couple of hours when she left him for a Pole—one of these wandering Counts that you always see at such places—a regular hop-Pole, in fact. Mr. P. got very angry at this insult, and if he had had his way he would have had the fellow partitioned off—like his beloved country. He was so wrathful, indeed, that when the hop was over he started on an Arctic expedition, but he had the same luck as KANE, HALL, and the other fellows.



He never saw that Pole.

After this, Mr. P. thought he would keep away from the ladies—but it was of no use to think. There is a *something* about Mr. PUNCHINELLO—but it matters not—suffice it to say that he went out buggy riding the next day with ANNA DICKINSON on the Lake road. The horse he drove had belonged to LEONARD JEROME—he was out of "Cash" by "Thunder," and he had sold him to the livery-man here. He was called a "two-forty," but when he began to go, Mr. P. was of the opinion that a musician would have considered his style entirely too *forte*. They had not ridden more than half way to BARRYTE's, before Mr. P. began to feel his arm bones coming out. But the "Princess of the Platform" was delighted.

"Why, you're a capital fellow, Mr. PUNCHINELLO," she cried. "There's nothing slow or foggish about you. You ought to be on the *Revolution*, now that TILTON is putting live people there."

"I shall be a tilitin' myself, and on a revolution too," said Mr. P., "if this confounded horse don't slack up."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Miss D.

"I mean we shall upset," said he.

"He's got his head too much your side," screamed Miss D. "Haden't you better pull on the left string?"

"No, I hadn't," yelled Mr. P., as the horse commenced to run.

"But I think you had," cried she. "Don't you believe that women are naturally as capable of understanding and determining what laws will be as equitable, and what measures as effective to those ends, as men?"

"No, I don't!" cried Mr. P., sawing away at the horse's mouth, and beginning to make a little impression upon it.

"You should pull that left leather string!" she cried again. "Don't I know? How dare you make sex a ground of exclusion from the possession and exercise of equal rights!" and with this, she made a grab at the left rein.

It is of no use entering into further particulars of this ride. Towards evening, Mr. P. and his companion returned to Saratoga and delivered to the livery-man his equipage—that is, what was left of it.



That evening, Mr. P. was sitting in his room, very busy over a new conundrum for his paper. He had got the answer all right, but to save his life, he could not get a question to suit it. While he was thus puzzling his brains, there came a knock at the door, and to him entered the Hon. JOHN MORRISSEY.

"Good evenin', P.," says JOHN, taking, at the same time, a seat, and one of Mr. P.'s *Partagas*. "I want you to do something for me."

"And what is it?" said Mr. P., with a benevolent smile.

"Why, you see," said the Hon. JOHN, "I'm very busy just now—the commencement of the season, you know—and I would like you to serve in my place for a while."

"Why, Congress will soon adjourn now!" said Mr. P.

"Oh, yes!" said MORRISSEY, "but I'm on a committee which must serve in the recess. Me and BILL KELLEY are the two chaps appointed as a committee to weigh all the pig-iron that has been imported in the last year, and to see if the government hasn't been swindled, in either the deal or the play. Now you see that ain't in my line at all, and as soon as I heard you were here, I thought you were the man to take my place."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. P., "but really, JOHN, I haven't the time. It's a sort of committee of ways and means, isn't it?"

"Well," said JOHN, "a fellow weighs, that's true; and the whole business is mean enough. But if you can't take hold of it, we'll say no more about it. Come on down with me to my place and have some supper."

"Your place!" said Mr. P. "Have you a place here?"

"Yes, sir," said the Congressman, "a bully club-house, and it's paid for too; and if you'll come along I'll give you a hearty welcome and some good cigars—and not dime ones, either," added he, throwing away the greater part Mr. P.'s *Partaga*.

The personal property of Mr. PUNCHINELLO consisted principally of U. S. 5.20 coupon bonds of 1868; Chicago and Northwestern—preferred; Hannibal and St. Joseph—1st mortgage bonds; a heavy deposit of bullion, mostly gold bars; and Ashes in inspection ware-house, both pots and pearls.



When, early the next morning, he left the club-house of his friend, the Congressman, he was still the proud owner of his Ashes—both pots and pearls.

Saratoga is too expensive a place for a long sojourn, and Mr. P. left the next day.

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Order, Pachydermata.—The Rhinoceros.

THERE are several species of the Rhinoceros, some of which have one horn, like a Unicorn, others two, like a Dilemma. All the varieties are as strictly vegetarian as the late SYLVESTER GRAHAM, but their fondness for a botanic diet may be ascribed to instinct, rather than reflection, as they are not ruminating animals. The most formidable of the tribe is the Black Rhinoceros of Equatorial Africa, which is particularly dangerous when it turns to Bay. Though dull of eye and ear, this ponderous beast will follow a scent with wonderful tenacity, and the promptness with which it makes its tremendous charges has earned for it, among European hunters, the sobriquet of the "Ready Rhino." The fact that the Black Rhinoceros is armed with two horns, while most of the white species have but one, may perhaps account for the greater viciousness of the former—it being generally admitted that the most ferocious of all known monsters are those which have been furnished with a plurality of horns. This is the position taken by the famous New England naturalist, NEAL DOW, in his dissertations on that destructive Eastern pachyderm, the Striped Pig, and it seems to be fully borne out by the history of the great Scriptural Decicorn, as given by the inspired Zoologist, ST. JOHN.

We learn from Sir SAMUEL BAKER and other Nimrods of the Rainrod who have hunted up the Nile, that herds of the Black Rhinoceros are pretty thickly sprinkled throughout the whole extent of the Nilotic basin, and especially near the great watershed which forms the primary source of the mysterious river. The natives of that region universally regard the creature as a Rum customer, and not having the requisite Spirit to face it boldly, they set Gins under the Tope trees, at the places where it comes to drink, and thus effect its destruction.

As the Rhinoceros, whatever its species, seeks the densest covert, and its hide is almost impenetrable, it is a difficult animal to bag. Its peltry being of about the same consistency and thickness as the vulcanized India Rubber used in cushioning billiard tables, balls often rebound from it without producing a score. This difficulty may, how-

ever, be obviated—according to Sir SAMUEL BAKER—by firing half-pound shells from the shoulder, with a rifle of proportionate size, and if the Sporting Bulletins of that enterprising traveller are not shots with the long bow, he carried the war into Africa to some purpose, not unfrequently bagging his Baker's dozen of Rhinoceroses in the course of forty-eight hours. The African and the Asiatic species bear a general resemblance to each other, although probably, if placed side by side, points of difference would be observed between them.

It is a disputed question among Biblical commentators whether the Rhinoceros or the Hippopotamus is the Behemoth of Scripture, but as the Rhinoceros feeds on furze and the Hippopotamus does not, it would seem that the terminal syllable "moth" more properly applies to the latter. As numerous fossil remains of the animal have been found from time to time in the Rhenish provinces of Germany, it is supposed by some archaeologists that prior to the Noachian Deluge its principal habitat was the Valley of the Rhine, where it was known as the Rhine-horse. The "horse," it is alleged, was subsequently corrupted into "hoss," whereupon the lexicographers, uncertain which of the two renderings was the true one, called it in their vocabularies the "Rhine horse or hoss," and thence the present still more senseless corruption, "Rhinoceros." This is, of course, mere theory, but it is supported by the well authenticated parallel case of the Nylghau—more properly Nile Ghant—which derived its name from the singular fact that it was never seen by any human being in the neighborhood of the Ghauts of the Nile. Although the Nile has such a fishy reputation that stories from that source are generally taken *cum grano salis*, or profanely characterised (see Cicero) as "*Nihil Tam incredibile*," the above statement in relation to the Nylghau will not be seriously disputed by any well informed naturalist.

The general aspect of the Rhinoceros is that of a hog in armor on a grand scale. The males of the genus are called bulls, but they are more like boars, with the tuak inverted and transferred by Rhino-plastic process to the nose. When enraged, the animal exalts its horn and trumpets like a locomotive, whereupon it is advisable to give it the right of way, as to face the music would be dangerous.

SIC SEMPER E PLURIBUS, ETC.

Oh, Star-spangled Banner! once emblem of glory,
And guardian of freedom and justice and law,
How bright in the annals of war was thy story!
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

Time was when the nations beheld thee and trembled,
Though now they assure us they don't care a straw
For wrath which they say is but poorly dissembled;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

They know our best ships are dismantled or rotten,
We know that they'll soon be abolished by law,
And FARRAGUT's triumphs are nearly forgotten;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

The soldiers whose best days were spent in our service—
Whose manhood we claimed as our right by the law,
As paupers must die, since their cost would unnerve us;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

We look for respect in the eyes of the nations,
And man our defences with soldiers of straw,
To save for vile uses their pay and their rations;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

With armies reduced, and the ghost of a navy,
Of course we must trust to our ancient *éclat*;
Economynow is the cry, we must save a
Few millions for thieves to steal—*unum go brag!*

"Sun" DANA may bluster as much as he pleases—
Our friend, Mr. FISH, is sustained by the law,
And old Mr. BENNETT just bellows to tease us;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

There's LOGAN, who once had the heart of a hero—
Alas! that same heart is now only a craw,
And its vigor has sunk away down below Zero;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

His action has sadden'd the hearts of more freemen
Than fought under GRANT in defence of the law;
Well—well—never mind—we can boast of our women;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!

The people may some day awake to the notion
That statesmen can tamper too much with the law,
And send them to regions less genial than Goshen;
Sic semper e pluribus unum go brag!



OUR NURSERY-MAIDS.

Julia. (Who has been cautioned not to leave the private park on any account.) "WHICH WAY NOW, MARY ANN?"

Mary Ann. "TO THE MILLINER'S. AND YOU?"

Julia. "TO THE DRESSMAKER'S."

Duet. "OH, WHAT DOOTHERS CHILDREN IS!"

ON CATS.

SOME cats are black, some brown, some white, some "arf and arf."

Some cats are gentle, and require a good deal of pinching and "wor-riting" to bring them to the scratch, like some persons, who require to get their dander up before they'll show fight.

Other cats, however, are very vicious. These, from their spitting proclivities, might be called Spitfires. I dare say this regards black cats most, whose backs, when rubbed in the dark, are seen to emit sparks.

A cat that is good at the spitting business, and well up in the trade, can do a smart thing or two in the defensive line—as when confronted by a dog, for instance. If the feline can only keep up a vigorous and well directed spitting, the canine is almost sure to retreat, with his tail between his legs, (if it is not too short to get there.)

Cats are generally considered rat and mouse destroyers. I dare say they are, though the two I once kept (I drowned them in the cistern) were more notorious as crockery destroyers than anything else. I thought, on the whole, that they exterminated more raw beef than rats and mice, so I consigned them to a watery grave.

It was a good thing for WHITTINGTON that there are such things as mice, and cats (if they are not too fat) to destroy them. His cat was truly worth its weight in gold to him. Such a cat should have been embalmed for the benefit of posterity. It must have been a noble sight to see the feline banquetting on the dainty joints of the *mus* in the Fejee palace, and WHITTINGTON getting a bag of gold for each victim his follower devoured. Honor to WHITTINGTON and his Cat!

Cats are very fond of birds—when they can get 'em, "otherwise not." To see a cat watching a bird, you would think there was some magnetic attraction in the love line between them. There may be, *before hand*. But let the cat once touch its sought-for, and I assure you there is no love lost. By some accident or other, the little birdie goes down Grimalkin's throat.

A cat has nine lives, we are told; something like old METHUSELAH, who, they declare, got so tired of living that he had to die to get some relief. I know some ladies who would like to borrow a life or two from the cat, especially those on the wrong side of the line, as regards thirty. Owing to the nine lives, a cat may be jerked about pretty promiscuously

from third story windows, *et cetera*. They have a knack of falling on their feet, which a good many BLONDINS would like to have—especially when a rope breaks, and when they "a kind of" forget that "Pride must have a fall."

Such are a few remarks on Cats of every description. As this ain't a Prize Essay, I don't give the different species, which are as numerous as the hairs of my head, and these are now pretty numerous, as I am not particular about cutting them. BILL BISCAV.

"Dyeing and Scouring Done Here."

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the daily papers, writing from Athens, on the subject of the brigandage outrages lately perpetrated in Greece, says that "the Kingdom is scourged by soldiers."

That's right. It has long been a very dirty little Kingdom, and a good scouring by soldiers is the only thing to obliterate the numerous Greece spots with which it has been tarnished.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

THE attention of the New York daily newspapers is called to the fact that the mosquitoes down in Maine this season are uncommonly large and extremely numerous. Now, it is well known that fleas can be trained to do (upon a small scale) many things usually done by human beings; and why may not the very largest of the mosquitoes be educated to manage the daily newspapers?

How beautifully would they buzz! how venomously would they bite! how remorselessly would POTT, (of *The Independent*), let loose his insect champions upon SLURK, of *The Gazette*!

P. S. Mr. PUNCHINELLO begs leave to observe that no allusion is here intended to Mr. TILTON's *Independent*, which is extremely well supplied with mosquitoes already.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

ONE of the most heart-rending elopements on record is that of MORDECAI SKAGGS, an Indianian by birth, but a Chicagoan by adoption, who left a legitimate spouse at Owen, Spencer County, Indiana, and fled with a beautiful "affinity" toward the "Lake City." The deserted wife, like a pursuing Nemesis, "went for him." She tracked him from stage to stage of his journey, and finally overtook the fugitive, but not before he had "consummated marriage a second time."

When found, she did not pause "to make a note" of MORDECAI, but seized him by the beard, very much as OTHELLO did the "uncircumcised Jew;" yet, not caring to slay him outright, she exploded a pitcher of ice-water upon his heated brow, and while still clapping his dishevelled locks pelted the supposed guilty partner of his flight with the fragments of the broken vessel. But the chief shock of this disaster, to the unfortunate SKAGGS, occurred in the interval of a brief cessation of hostilities, when the enraged wife demanded to know of the other woman why she had thus outraged the sanctity of her domestic altars, and the "other woman" explained that the too seductive SKAGGS had represented himself as a single man. Thereupon the two joined forces, and set upon MORDECAI, pulling his hair out by the roots; scarifying his manly phiz with their delicate claws; and so marring and disfiguring this "double-breasted" deceiver that not even the penetration of the maternal eye could discover in that battered carcass the once familiar lineaments of a beloved son.

The thought suggested to PUNCHINELLO by this catastrophe is whether we may not safely leave the iniquity of Western divorce law to work out its own salvation, when it provokes the use of such weapons, and makes it possible for the penalty to follow so closely upon the heels of crime.

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